

And You Would Follow

your poem began we
can just lay together
it can be just that you
simply say you want
it and i said i am old
and old and you said
you knew and you wanted
a young one warm and
it needn't be anything
but laying there just
us two and all girls
were pretty and yes i
was pretty too and all
i had to do was say
but i told you your wife
was there for christ's sake
in the next room and it
was alright all i had to
do was say yes and it began
with touching your hand
and going in and undressing
and you would follow
into my warm bed and
it would be more than just
laying there
and your wife got up
and i said my god she'll find
us but she just flushed
and we rose a thousand times
on some dark wave following
our curves and planes my god
you said before i sent you
back to pat her butt my
god it is not good to be
alone

-- Elizabeth Starr

Sacramento, Calif.

Poem

to break the silence
and repeat old phrases
on lofty occasions
is reserved for bad poets,
ancient generals,
and wealthy uncles --
or a combination of all three.